

BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXIX.

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NO

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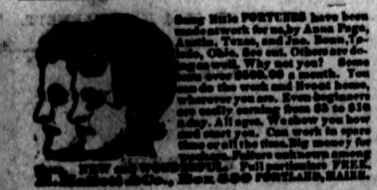
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LOWEST RATES.

WOMEN OF THE BRIDE.

First Made Jealous and Then Crushed by an Explanation.

"Maria," said the young and handsome bride, "how is little Bluebe coming?"

The lady in question was suspected by her better half to be an old flame of her husband's, says the Philadelphia Times. She had dined with them the evening before.

"I haven't seen her, Alfred, so I can't say," with a touch of pique in her tone. The next evening and the next Mr. Leiber repeated his inquiry. This persistence finally roused his wife's jealousy.

"Alfred Leiber," she retorted, "I wish to know why you are so anxious to hear about little Bluebe. Here, we're only a month married, and yet you—"

Further utterance was stopped by a burst of tears. "Why, my darling," said Alfred, honestly surprised, "I was only anxious for your dear sake. I noticed that she ate two pieces of your cake at our little dinner, and, knowing the fact, I naturally wanted to know the consequences."

Coffee as a Disinfectant.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs a stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the dipsomaniac from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, newly-made coffee without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or one-eighth of a pound, to one pint of boiling water, makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. It is asserted that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals coffee is a disinfectant for a sick room, and by some of the best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.

The Joke Came True.

A bon mot, to which fate has since added an ironical comment, has been attributed to the ex-emperor of Brazil. On being shown one of those mechanical wonders which always interested him more than the cares of government, a wheel that made we know not how many revolutions in the minute. "Why," said the monarch, "it actually beats our South American republics."

A REGULAR CRUSHER.

An Inebriated Passenger Settles the Teller of a Fish Story.

"One of the brightest things I ever heard of a drunken man say," remarked a Bangor gentleman to a News reporter, "occurred on the train as I was coming down from Portland. The fellow was in that peculiarly talkative state when he felt he must converse with everybody and continuously. All kept clear of him as long as possible, but finally the train got so well filled that a gentleman was forced to take the seat which had remained vacant in front of the intoxicated man. At once the fellow began:

"Shay, Mister, did you ever go fishing?" "Yes, of course I have," came the gruff response.

"Shay, I bet I've caught more fish'n you ever did," pursued the man. "Don't doubt it," replied the stranger in a tone meant to stop the conversation.

"I'll bet five dollars I've caught a bigger fish'n you ever did," persisted the loquacious boozehound. "Well, I don't care to talk if you have," said the victim, as he shifted in his seat to show the drunken man that the conversation was ended. But the inebriated didn't see it in that light.

"Shay," he persisted, leaning over the back of the seat and placing one hand confidently on the shoulder of his unwilling companion. "Shay, how big a fish did you ever catch?" "Why," replied the man, in a frantic attempt to silence his persecutor, "I caught the mammoth cod on the steamer Empire State last summer, forty-three pounds." "Hub," came the response, in a disgusted tone, as the drunken man leaned back in his seat as if pitying the weak effort of his companion. "I've used larger bait than that." The laugh which went up from the passengers in the vicinity, who had been closely following the conversation, struck the intoxicated man as quite appropriate, and he remained silent for some five minutes, gazing in contempt upon his crushed victim."

A Real Robinson Crusoe.

The island of Tristan in the South Atlantic is inhabited by eighty people—the patriarch of the party, Peter Green, a veritable Robinson Crusoe, having been there for fifty-two years. He has just sent a letter complaining that some of the grown-up children show a desire to leave their lovely island home.

HER STEAMER FRIEND.

How a St. Paul Woman Acquired Some Working Wisdom.

A well-known St. Paul woman, who, not long ago made "little journey in the world," came back with some working wisdom as to the indiscriminate making of friends that she had never had before, says the New York Evening Sun. It came about in this way. Her "little journey" was across the water, and while on the homeward-bound ship she found herself one day engaged in the most animated and pleasing conversation with a man who sat near her chair on the deck. There was something wonderfully pleasing in his personality; he was evidently a person of culture, and with a wonderful fund of knowledge as his companion. His entire bearing toward her was one of such exquisite tact and delicacy that the two soon became friends, and spent long hours each day exchanging opinions upon all kinds of impersonal topics. By and by, just before the steamship reached New York, it transpired that the man, himself still unknown, had known all along who the lady was and where her home was. When she asked him in surprise how he could have known her he answered briefly: "I am a St. Paul man myself." This gave the kindly little woman an opportunity. "Then my husband and I will be glad to see you any time in our home," she said cordially.

"Pardon me, madam," he answered frankly, "we have been friends on board the steamship. But when we return to St. Paul neither you nor your husband could receive me in your home, and you would be fully justified. I beg you will not make the reason."

"And she did not. But when a few hours later her husband met her on the pier and she related her late friend on to him with the whispered story he answered slowly: 'Well, he has behaved like a gentleman, and I won't thrash him. But he was quite right in what he said. He is one of the best known confidence men in the United States.'"

LEARNED ON HIS LUCK.

And Thirty Cents Came to Him Just in the Time of Need.

"I had a most extraordinary piece of luck last Sunday," remarked a young broker to a New York Tribune reporter: a day or two ago, "and for I have been thinking of Providence ever since. I invited a cousin to go down to Long Beach with me the afternoon, to support them in the evening. As we were going, I had a railroad ticket, but with another required, two suppers, car fares and baggage, figure as I wanted, I was just about twenty cents short. It was one of those horrible cases of smiling and joking without, and a sort of whitish repulcher within, wondering wildly how to pull through.

"We reached the beach, and I was revolving the plan of throwing myself on the mercy of the clerk and offering a check, when we stopped in on our stroll along shore to examine some shells and seaweed, when I found myself right at my feet wasn't thirty cents—a quarter and a nickel.

"I stooped down and picked them up in a hurry. 'What have you found?' asked my companion.

"A little silver," I said, carelessly.

"Oh, how lovely. How much?"

"Only thirty cents," I said, as I thought I was disappointed at not finding a bag of it. I wasn't disappointed. Never was so happy in my life. It was just enough to pull me through, and I reached home with ten cents, but I told you it didn't do to lean on your luck like that every day."

WHAT SHE WAS.

How a Lawyer Who Was Settled a Youngster's Debt.

There is a lawyer with an office in one of the large buildings in New York who is famous among his friends as a man who never loses his temper nor allows his language to stray from the path of propriety. He was desperately busy the other day when a female book canvasser entered his private office, and as she advanced from the door, announced her mission.

"I should like to show you a very valuable work," she began.

"Madam," said the counsellor, as he rose from his chair, "you must excuse me. I am very sorry, but at present I am engaged."

Evidently the agent had heard something of the kind before, for she didn't pause in her progress toward the lawyer's desk.

"Madam," he repeated, "I am engaged at present."

Still the agent came on.

"Madam," cried the lawyer in desperation, "I am engaged, and if you don't go away you will force me to be what I have never been before—guilty of rudeness to a woman."

That settled the agent. Probably the very rudeness of the threat helped to set her to retreating. But like a true woman she had the last word—and several of them—just as she vanished through the door.

"I ain't a woman," she said, "I'm a lady."

Now Very Queer Figs.

William Hoffman, of Sebewaing, Pa., has four pigs that beat any thing ever seen in that locality. One has no trace of hind legs, another has no hoofs, but claws take the place of the generally thought necessary porcine appendages, and the two others have claws and hoofs and pretty nearly every thing else that pigs can very handsly get along without.

LESSONING AN ENGINE.

A Congressman Recalls a Thrilling Time in His Career.

How He Prevented a Runaway Locomotive from Destroying Many Lives and Much Valuable Property in a Texas Town.

Congressman Crails, of Texas, was in high good humor, recently, says the Pittsburgh Press, spinning yarns to a coterie of brother members.

"In my young days," said the Congressman, "I was an engineer on the Santa Fe railroad. I had only been on about three months when by some carelessness or wilfulness one of the engines known as mountain-climbers got away with full steam on and started down the road on a message of death and destruction. I had just finished a long run and was preparing to go home, when the train-dispatcher rushed wildly out of the office and told me the news. The track had been cleared, he said, and there was nothing to stop the mad rush of the runaway locomotive until it should dash into the station at Galveston and plow its way through bricks and mortar until both the building and locomotive were ruined.

"I had plenty of nerve then, and I suppose by your laughing you think I have lost none of it, but I am free to confess that I would not now dare to undertake the task that I successfully accomplished that day. Perhaps it was the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment which led me to volunteer to chase that locomotive. I always smile when I recall the look of incredulity that met my confident assertion that I could catch and arrest the mad flight of the runaway, but I was so confident that they gave me a hearing, and I finally secured the services of a sturdy Irish lad as froman.

"In less than three minutes after the dispatch had been received I was on my engine, with steam slowly coming up again, and pulling out as rapidly as possible to meet the on-coming terror. It was impossible for the train-dispatcher to give me any accurate idea as to where the runaway was. The best he could do was to say that it had passed a small station about seventy-five miles up the road some ten minutes before, moving at the rate of about ninety miles an hour. A few minutes more, and with steam up I had my engine moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and going straight at the runaway on the same track.

"I ran this way for about twenty-five minutes, when, as near as I could calculate, the runaway had done thirty-seven and a half miles and I had covered twenty-five. If my calculations were correct there were still some twelve and a half miles between us, but you can imagine that the last five miles I covered running direct at the oncoming monster were any thing but pleasant. Well, I reversed my engine and started running away, gradually increasing my speed until we settled down to a comfortable thirty miles an hour, the Irish lad meanwhile keeping on a terrible amount of steam. We might have run into almost any thing, for I did not look ahead at all. My eyes were strained until they pained me looking up the track for the runaway. It might have begun, some minutes, more or less—it seemed like years to me.

"Finally we heard the rumble and roar of the monster. It didn't take her long to be in sight, and she was coming a humming. For the first time I confess I lost my nerve. It was only momentary, however, and then I opened my throttle and away we went. There was a good mile of straight track between us when I first caught sight of her; then we turned a curve and she was out of sight, if not out of hearing. When she did come she had gained on us pretty nearly half a mile. I shut off steam a trifle, and when we struck a level piece of track but a quarter of a mile separated us. I told Irish to keep up pressure, and the way he did it it's a wonder the boiler of seventy-six didn't burst. The kept getting nearer and nearer, and it was all I could do to keep from throwing wide the throttle and speeding away.

"Finally she closed in upon us, and I assure you that so nearly equal had I succeeded in making the speed that the shock was little if any greater than that felt upon the coupling of two cars. I did not hesitate an instant, but jammed down the steam valve tight—a difficult task even for an athlete, as I then was, and from there swung myself upon the runaway. It was the work of scarcely half a minute to clamber in the cab and jab down the steam valve there. We ran possibly a mile before we came to a standstill, and by that time I was as limp as a rag and shaking like a man with the ague. A good drink of whiskey fouched me around in a few minutes. We coupled the engine, and in half an hour had them both safely housed in Galveston."

Lunacy from Tobacco.

A queer case of lunacy resulting from the tobacco habit is reported from Wapello, Ia. "Uncle Jimmy" Blanchard, an old and respected citizen, suddenly became deranged and developed an abnormal craving for the weed, which he devoured voraciously and with the same gusto with which most people eat fruit and other toothsome articles of consumption. He eats it constantly, and gets away with about a pound of plug every day. He is showing the effects of the poison to a marked degree, and it is thought the drug will ultimately cause his death.

FOUR CURIOUS TALES.

They May Be True, But If So Are Stranger Than Fiction.

An old negro woman in Athens, Ala., has a curious birthmark. Her left ear is shaped like a bunch of grapes, and pendant from the side of her head by a filament of flesh, presenting a most remarkable appearance. Her hearing on that side is of course very defective, but otherwise she suffers no inconvenience from her peculiar mark, which, as negroes always do, she attributes to a witch's malice. When in health the oblong balls of flesh which represent the grapes are firm and plump but are shrivelled by sickness.

One of the queer sights in Mayville, N. Y., is said to be a little negro boy who exhibits on the streets a remarkable instance of tenacity of life in the shape of a chicken head which lost its head over four months ago but continues well and hearty. The creature walks about, scratching in the earth and appearing quite unconscious of its loss. It is fed by cramming the food down the sovered gullet, and evidently thrives under this peculiar method of feeding, for it is in excellent condition. The boy who owns it says that it lays regularly and has actually made a nest and raised a brood of chickens since the loss of its head. It has, however, shed nearly all of its feathers except those of its tail, and shows no signs of ever having any more.

Dr. Meldrew, of Penokos, Wis., recently performed an operation on a young lady of that place by which a lomon seed was removed from her throat and which had sprouted since it lodged there some three months ago. In order to get at the seed it was necessary to slit the wind-pipe, a very dangerous and rare operation, which was performed while the lady was under the influence of chloroform, but the seed was found to have put forth several vigorous shoots which had attached themselves firmly to the walls of the organ and had to be cut away.

A few miles from Richmond, Tex., in Bentley's Wood, is a natural curiosity, the like of which is perhaps to be found nowhere else in the world. It is an enormous oak tree literally suspended in the air. The mystery of its suspension is that numerous hunting parties having camped beneath it during a period of many years, their fires have gradually burned the trunk entirely away for a distance of six feet, but its large and spreading branches are so closely entwined in those of the trees growing closely about it that it is supported by them. Just how the huge bulk is sustained is a mystery, but that it is well nourished is evident, for it is green and flourishing.

HERE'S A FINE POINT.

Can a Clergyman Marry Himself and Thus Save the Feet?

"There are some curious things in the law books," said a gray-bearded lawyer to a Memphis Commercial reporter as they came down the court-house steps. "It is settled law that a clergyman may perform the ceremony at his own marriage when none is present but himself and his bride, and upon the most solemn judgment fixing the legitimacy of the offspring and the descent of the estate.

"Rev. Samuel Swayne Beamish was clergyman of the united churches of England and Ireland, and on the 27th day of November, 1833, he went to the house of Anne Lyons, in the city of Cork, and there performed the ceremony of marriage between himself and Isabella Frazer, using the form of the Book of Common Prayer, but adapting the words to the unique condition of the affair, and using also the wedding ring. They supposed that they were having the wedding all to themselves, but Catherine Coffee was the 'Peeping Tom' of the occasion and saw the performance of the ceremony from an adjoining yard, but did not hear the words. The marriage was pronounced valid as one performed by a minister in holy orders in the presence of witnesses, although it was irregular and clandestine."

"Would such a marriage be valid in Tennessee?"

"Don't know," said the lawyer, cautiously, "but why should it not be if I first procure a license? The statute says no formula need be observed except a declaration in the presence of the minister or officer that they accept each other as man and wife, and all ministers of the Gospel may solemnize the rite of matrimony."

"Could a justice of the peace marry himself, also?"

"Certainly, and all the judges and chancellors; they all have this advantage over us common folks, and it would be a mere matter of economy to do it."

"Have you any case in court or are you about to bring a case on this point?"

"Ah, my friend, don't ask too much. Wait and see."

"Will you notify me and give me a scoop?"

"Yes, if I bring the suit."

Queer End of a Snake Fight.

An assistant director of the Melbourne (Australia) Zoological Gardens thus describes the queer result of a recent difference of opinion between two tiger-snakes confined under his charge: "One of the snakes was large, the other small. Not long ago both happened to fasten on the same mouse, one at each end. Neither would give way, and the larger snake not only swallowed the mouse, but also the smaller snake. In about ten minutes nothing was seen of the smaller snake but about two inches of its tail, and that disappeared next day."

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as
Second-Class Matter.

County Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

JOHN F. UELAND, Manager of the Central &
Northern California Press Association, No. 205
Bankers' Building, Montgomery Street.
S. H. KILGORE, 230 Pine Street.

THE INTO SCARE.

The Inyoites have petitioned Governor Waterman to supply them with arms and ammunition, they having worked up an Indian scare on a very slim foundation. It is asserted there are from 1,500 to 1,600 Indians in Inyo county, but we venture the assertion that the late census takers did not discover half that number of Indians in the county. If our neighbors want to continue their peaceful relations with their fellow-citizens, all they have to do is to continue in the old rut—treat them kindly; let them be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their "hog-w-d," and pay them fair wages when working by the day. But if trouble is desired, it can be brought on quickly enough by running arms and ammunition into the county, thereby giving them to understand that the whites are expecting trouble and are afraid of them, and then let them have whisky, and then there will be trouble. If the people of our county would turn out and hang the fellows, who are generally Chinamen, who furnish liquor to Indians, there would be no Indian troubles.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The religious fanatics in the East are making a crusade against the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays. If not opened on Sundays, when will the wageworkers and their families have an opportunity to visit the Fair? The thousands of people visiting Chicago during the Exposition should be allowed to spend Sundays at the Fair and not at low dives. The wageworkers are the builders and the life of the great enterprise, not the clergy. On every hand will be found the handiwork of the toiling masses, and they wish to enjoy it. But what have the sanctimonious clergy to exhibit? Nothing but bigotry and selfishness. Those who worship "God and Mammon," and gleefully take to the clink of gold in the Temple, have nothing else to exhibit—and that would be on the closed doors of the Exposition Buildings on Sundays.

THE CENTER OF POPULATION.—In 1790 the center of population was twenty-two miles west of Baltimore; since then it has moved westward at average rate of about fifty-one miles in each decade, never deviating a degree north or south of the thirty-ninth parallel. The greatest progress was between 1850 and 1860, twenty miles south of Chillicothe, O. This, of course, was caused by the gold excitement and consequent settlement of the Pacific coast. In 1870 the center of population was forty-eight miles northeast of Cincinnati, Ohio. The census of 1880 showed that it had advanced fifty-eight miles in the decade and deflected to the south, being near Taylorsville, Ky. It is anticipated that the late census will find it somewhere in Jennings county, Indiana. If this westward movement continues at the present rate it will cross the Mississippi near St. Louis in the year 1890.

The Nevada Supreme Court refused to canvass the vote on the Constitutional Convention question, on the technical ground that the Constitution of that State gives the Judges only the power to canvass the vote of State officers. Common sense ought to tell them that they should canvass all votes pertaining to State matters; but common sense does not always find lodgment in a Supreme Court decision. Some of the Nevada papers intimate that their refusal to canvass that vote is to defeat the Convention project, as a new Constitution may abolish the Supreme Court. The Legislature should pass a bill to canvass the vote in a joint session of that body.

A few days ago, at Memphis, Tenn., James Stockton met his wife for the first time since the Johnston flood. They had mourned each other as dead, believing that they had been bereaved by the awful disaster. Stockton had come to California, and his wife went to Massachusetts. The discovery was by a mutual friend in Memphis, and a most joyful meeting took place at the first station on the Chesapeake and Ohio on the incoming train. They had only been married a few days, and they will come to their new home in California to complete their rudely interrupted honeymoon.

The Mason Valley, Nev. people are agitating the question of raising sugar beets and erecting a sugar factory in that valley. That is the way to bring Nevada to the front—by starting manufactures and patronizing home industries, thereby keeping the money of its people in the State, agreeably with the intent of the McKinley bill.

The Cramps are having a rough deal in their trip trials of the new cruiser Newark, which has made several trial trips, all resulting in a break down of some sort. It would be well for the Cramps to submit their next contract to the Union Iron Works of San Francisco.

SEMI-ANNUAL TAXES.

Several years ago the CHRONICLE-UNION called attention to our system of collecting State and County taxes, and suggested that they should be collected semi-annually instead of yearly, and thereby make the payments comparatively easy on the taxpayers, but we had been running in the old rut so long, the suggestion was not favorably received.

During the session of the last Legislature, a like suggestion was made in the Assembly, but nothing came of it. However, this winter the matter has been extensively agitated and favorably discussed, and there is a prospect of having the revenue laws amended to that end. The collection of taxes in the Fall falls heavily on all classes, particularly on residents of the mountain districts, who are compelled to lay in winter supplies in bulk, and it requires long purses for that purpose, so when the Tax Collector comes around, the average mountaineer is a "little short," and, as everybody is in same boat, one cannot borrow. Again, the payment of taxes in the midst of Christmas holidays complicates money matters. One-half of the taxes might be paid on the 15th of July and the balance on January 15th. The taxes would thus be due at the time the Boards of Supervisors released large sums of money from the County Treasuries.

Giovanni Succi finished his great feat of 45 days in New York at 8:15 on Saturday evening last. He weighed 147½ pounds when he commenced, and 104½ when he closed.

NEW TO-DAY.

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LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

IN SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE County of Mono, State of California.

M. J. CODY, Plaintiff,

vs.

A. E. Bean, F. R. Brown, Finley Cameron, Donald L. McKinnon, Harvey Boone, James McCallum, G. Sherman, D. McDonald, A. McDonald, W. R. Burns, Thomas Williams, E. H. Davidson, Alice May Schuman, Administratrix of the Estate of Charles A. Schuman, deceased, Horace Warner, and James H. Sturgeon, Defendants.

Under and by Virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, on the Third day of December, 1890, in the above entitled action, wherein M. J. CODY, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree against A. E. Bean, F. R. Brown, Defendants, on the 24 day of December, 1890, and against Defendant James H. Sturgeon, for costs, to be taxed jointly with said Defendants, A. E. Bean and F. R. Brown, which said decree was, on the Fourth day of December, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book B, of said Court, at page 279.

I am commanded to sell

All of that certain mining claim known as Rattlesnake Mine, situated in Mono District, Mono County, State of California. Also, that certain Mining Claim known as the Rattlesnake Extension Mine, said Rattlesnake Extension Mining Claim being an extension of the said Rattlesnake Mine on the south.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public Notice is hereby given, that on SATURDAY, the THIRD DAY OF JANUARY, A. D. 1891,

At Twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Court House, in Bridgeport, Mono County, California, I will, in obedience to said Order of Sale, and Decree of Foreclosure, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the Plaintiff's judgment, with interest thereon, and costs, to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

M. J. CODY, Sheriff.

Bridgeport, Mono Co., Cal., December 4, 1890.

(de-td)

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Evidently the editor of the Santa Clara Journal had on his thinking cap when he wrote the following. Most any body can edit a paper and make it interesting. Some people can keep up this interest for a month without flagging, but it takes a natural born pencil shaver and a hard worker to grind out an "interesting" batch of local and editorial items week after week for a term of years. There is no profession that is more exhausting or less remunerative than the editorial or journalistic, but how few believe it.

A prominent oil dealer said recently to a N. Y. Evening Post reporter: "I have no doubt that the Standard Oil Company is adulterating the Pennsylvania article with Lima oil. Another thing not known is that the best refined oil is exported to Europe and the far East, because it meets with competition. We domestic consumers have to put up with an inferior grade, as the Standard controls the market."

MEDICAL.

Our Motto

"A dollar's worth for a dollar" is the motto of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other well-known vegetable remedies, and is pronounced by experts the strongest and best preparation of the kind yet produced. It owes its peculiar strength and medicinal merit to the fact that it is prepared by a Combination, Proportion, and Process.

Peculiar to itself.

discovered by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and known to no other medicine. Its prompt action on the blood removes all impurities, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, all humors, and all diseases or affections arising from impure blood or low state of the system.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it to be the best blood purifier I have ever used."

Mrs. H. FIELD, Auburn, Cal.

The Best Medicine.

"I have used six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla for indigestion. It has helped me a great deal. I think it is the best medicine for indigestion and dyspepsia."

Mrs. M. A. LAVERDALE, 178 North Fifth Street, San Jose, Cal.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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MEDICAL.



A LOVELY WOMAN

overheard one say of her, "By Heaven she's painted!" "Yes," reported she indignantly, "and by Heaven my beauty is not painted."

Thin and pale, and suffering from a dry, hacking cough, night-sweats, and spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave.

After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians, without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again, a perfect picture of health and strength.

This wonderful "Golden Medical Discovery," now world-famous as a remedy for consumption, which is really lung-scorcha, is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terrible fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofula, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as White Swellings, Fever-sore, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Sores, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments. All scaly, crusty, itching, troublesome eruptions yield readily to its curative power. It invigorates the liver, enriches the blood and promotes all the bodily functions. It is the only liver, blood and lung remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will do all that it is recommended to, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Druggists everywhere.

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CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

Our Christmas holidays have been blessed with most beautiful weather, so different from last year, when we had two feet of the beautiful snow on our streets, and storming right along until after New Year's, having no clear sunsets for weeks. This Christmas, and the "Night before Christmas," when our festivities were inaugurated, the weather was as fine as silk. Our merchants did a good business during the week, disposing of their Christmas goods and useful articles suitable for presents, and it is to the credit of our citizens that few presents were put on the tree that were not absolutely useful as well as ornamental.

On Christmas Eve a very entertaining exhibition was given at Bryant's Hall by the pupils of our school, under the guidance of their talented teacher, Mrs. O. H. Kister, who also had a tree planted for the annual Christmas harvest for the youth under her charge, and for the "rest of mankind" in this vicinity.

The Hall was crowded, there being little standing room at 7:30, when the exhibition opened with the following program:

Song—"Happy Greetings," by the School.
Recitation—"The Kitten in Despair," by Ella Cody, who always does well.

Tableaux—"The Play-ground Scene," by the School.

Plantation Song—"I want to see Ole Massa 'fo I Die," by Addie Donnell and Harvey Day, in costume. They sang so well, they responded to an encore.

Dialogue and Tableau—"The Search for the Fairies." The dialogue was prettily spoken by May Hopkins, Cordie Hays, Marie Gurney and May Hewson; and the tableau by about a dozen Fairies was fine, and had to be repeated.

Duet—"Come With Thy Lute to the Yuletide."

Tableaux—"The Season's and Father Time."

Mother Goose's Christmas Reception," by the School, captured the audience, and deservedly so, as every detail of the piece was well rendered, each pupil doing justice to the characters represented. Lulu Brandon was excellent as Mother Goose; and Edith Kirkwood as the "Old Woman who lived in the Shoe, and had so many children she did not know what to do," was admirable. The piece was put on in a manner that would have been highly creditable to companies of older actors who now and then strut metropolitan boards.

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TRIAL JURY.—Sheriff Cody has selected the following taxpayers from which a jury may be obtained on Monday next for the trial of Lee for the murder of Kainbort: J. B. Shewen, W. D. Davidson, P. Faber, W. A. M. Lucas, John Standup, G. W. Moyle, W. Butler, A. Maranville, A. R. Barnard, L. Butterfield, Ed. Green, Jasper Parrott, P. Bogan, F. McLaughlin, L. W. Dechabuss, Geo. Esh, D. E. Jones, J. H. Sturgeon, W. P. Onks, E. Deicas, A. Gerdella, J. H. Connell, M. Sheld, J. Schell, L. Ladd, J. M. Gith, M. M. Walms, A. J. Bayers, G. B. Day, P. Parveter, P. G. Hughes, A. H. Allen, J. F. Orwell, L. Murphy, E. Terry, H. Carney, M. J. Carney, J. G. Pitts, T. O. Wilder, O. W. Crapster, Geo. Chichester, S. Frost, W. Larson, W. Boardman, P. Fehrenbach, A. Gerna, W. T. Barnes, H. F. Barnett, C. M. Stewart, W. T. Elliott.

New Landlord.—Edward A. Murphy has assumed the management of the Allen House, Ben. H. Miller being about to remove to Butte City, Montana.

Ye letter writers should practice a little on "91," as you will soon have to date your letters thusly.

Will Meet.—The Board of Supervisors will meet in regular session on Monday week next.

"Battle of Gettysburg."

When in San Francisco visit the Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg and Museum, corner Market and 10th streets, the only Panorama on exhibition in the city.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Our merchants are well prepared to supply their patrons with goods suitable for New Year's presents.

A. F. Bryant can fit you out with toilet sets, fancy glassware, neck wear, clothing, etc., etc. At his counter will, also, be found choice jewelry.

Joe A. Brown has a fine assortment of albums, toilet-sets and mirrors, fancy handkerchiefs—silk and linen, dolls, neckwear of every description and new styles, and many other good things too numerous to mention.

D. Hays & Bro. have an endless variety of toys for the little folks, fascinators, mufflers, a fine line of neckwear and under wear for ladies and gentlemen, and lots of fancy articles for "all classes and conditions."

All the above will be sold at the lowest prices.

Eyraud, the French murderer, has been condemned to death, and his accomplice, Mlle. Bompard, to imprisonment.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is soverely merited, wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in the year on this work, and the issue of some 400,000 will be more than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Italian, Swedish, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusements, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1891 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

MARRIAGES.

CHICHESTER.—In Coleville, to the wife of George Chichester, December 21st, a boy; and December 22d, a boy.

EDDY.—In Oakland, December 14th, by Chief Justice Henry, Henry M. Eddy, of Bridgeport, to Miss Hattie B. Lewis, of Oakland.

HEIRS TO MILLIONS.

The Good Luck of an Honest, Hard-Working Hoosier Family.

It is not often that one who has worked all his life on a farm comes into possession of \$4,000,000 in a day, and yet such an event is soon to happen to a family living at Sunman, in this State, writes a Lawrenceburg (Ind.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

In 1776 Mary Bentley, of New York City, leased a tract of land there to the Government for ninety-nine years. The land was on the outskirts of the city, but as years rolled by and the city began its marvelous growth the tract was surrounded by colossal palaces of trade and mansions.

The Government, seeing a chance to profit, subleased the ground to many different persons, and it has been built on and improved, and lying in the heart of the city its immense value can easily be understood. In 1875 the lease expired, and no one appearing to claim the property a legal fight of immense proportions was begun between the sublessees and the Government, prominent among the former being the heirs of the older Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Government was successful and gained possession of the property, and at the same time the heirs of the original lessor began to assert their rights, and after another legal battle they were sustained and the property held for them. After years of hunting for the unknown heirs they have all been found, and the property ordered sold and the money distributed. The Boldrey family, of Sunman, of whom there are five, are among these heirs, Mary Bentley being their great-grandmother, and they have been notified by their attorney in New York City that the distribution will soon be made, and that their share will be \$4,000,000 apiece. As they are all good, honest, hard-working citizens, their good luck will be appreciated by all who know them.

WHERE VIOLE IS POPULAR.

The favorite baptismal name for young women in New Orleans is Viola.

THE FARJEON CHILDREN.

How They Amuse Joseph Jefferson, Their Beloved Grandfather.

B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is Joseph Jefferson's son-in-law; he lives in London, has a lovely home, a charming family, and he entertains delightfully. From all I hear, writes Eugene Field in the Chicago News, I judge that his three little children must be prodigies. The youngest is named after his grandpa and he seems to have inherited his grandpa's fondness and facility for art. Curiously enough he is the picture of Jefferson—having the same bright blue eyes, delicate features and characteristic smile. The oldest boy—I think his name is Frank—is always saying and doing bright things. A year ago Mrs. Midge Kendall spent the day with Mrs. Farjeon, and the two little boys enjoyed a good old-fashioned gossip all the afternoon; the way they discussed and criticized all their acquaintances was simply a caution. Next day Master Frank remarked at dinner: "Papa, I have written out with the typewriter all that mamma and Mrs. Kendall said yesterday." And so the wretched child had all the scandal and gossip reported with all the accuracy of a stenographer, and may be Mr. Farjeon didn't have a lovely time reading it aloud to his astounded spouse. This experience taught Mrs. Farjeon a serious lesson.

Not long ago the Farjeon children went with their mother to service in one of the neighboring churches where the rector was an extreme ritualist. Wearied by all the ceremony, little Joe Farjeon finally whispered hoarsely to his mother, when the sermon was about half through: "Come on, mamma, let's go; don't let's wait for the last act!"

The children write plays for their grandpa. Very thrilling plays they are, too. Grandpa Jefferson enjoys them hugely, but one day, while reading one of these productions, he stopped and asked: "Frank, what do all these blanks mean? There doesn't seem to be any sense at all."

"That's where you are to swear, grandpa," explained the child. "We left it blank on purpose, because we know you could do it better than we could."

FULL OF BUSINESS.

A Woman Who Knows How to Make Money Without Working for It.

There was a party of us on the train going to the Rocky mountains, says a correspondent of the St. Joseph (Mo.) News, and the news agent badgered us so that one of us got a lurid narrative of Jesse James' life just to get rid of the fellow. He read pieces of it to us and we got so enthusiastic that we stopped at a day at St. Joseph to look at the house Jesse was killed in.

When we had climbed the bluff at Convent Hill and darkly pointed out the shanty, our ardor began to diminish. We knocked at the door and woman opened it, looked at us awhile, and then said:

"Want to see the house Jesse James was shot in?"

We said we did.

"Well, this is it. Just come right in. There ain't no shooting around here now." We came into a miserably-furnished room, and passing through she showed us a perfectly bare room.

"That's it. Just as it was the day they shot 'im. Right there's where he stood. Right outside this window's where the Ford boys stood."

The floor was all whitened and pieces cut out of it. One of us suggested that we get some relics to take back East with us.

"We would like to have a small piece of the floor as a memento," said one.

"Wal," she said, "we don't make no habit of selling sitch, but, sosh, as you're all the way from back East, why, I'll let you have piece each at half a dollar apiece."

She cut small slices of the flooring and gave us each one, and, when we had paid her and passed around to the yard, we heard the woman saying to somebody in the house:

THE PINKERTON FORCE.

A Mercenary Army Not Always Composed of the Best Men.

How It Is Organized and Its System of Discipline—Its Members Cordially Hated by the Regular Police and All Labor Organizations.

The Pinkerton force, says the New York Journal, owes its existence to the energy and shrewdness of Allan Pinkerton. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1819, and in 1843 he arrived at Quebec after a stormy voyage. He found his way to Chicago and opened a cooper shop. When in search of materials for his work he discovered a gang of counterfeiters on an island in the Fox river. He succeeded in breaking up the gang, and displayed so much skill and nerve that he was appointed a deputy sheriff of Cook County.

While holding this position he conceived the idea of creating a detective organization free from political influences. Associated with a lawyer named Edward L. Ruess, in 1853 Pinkerton started the agency which now has offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Denver.

The greatest achievement of Allan Pinkerton was the discovery of a plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln while on his way to Washington to be inaugurated and the frustration of it. Pinkerton organized the secret-service division during the war of the rebellion. His other detective feats consisted of the arrest of innumerable law-breakers and the restoration of millions of dollars to the owners.

He died at Chicago on July 1, 1884. He left a widow and three children, of eight born to him. Of these the oldest son, William A., is now in charge of the Western division of the detective agency, and his other son, Robert A., is general superintendent and has immediate charge of the Eastern offices.

Since the death of the elder Pinkerton the organization has increased in strength and efficiency until at the present time it is recognized as the great private resource by large corporations for the protection of lives and property in times of stress and storm.

About 500 detectives, both men and women, are continuously employed at stated salaries varying from \$3 per day to \$3,000 per year. There are nearly 100 detectives employed by the New York office alone.

The chief business of the agency is with banks and express companies. The methods of the concern are hidden under a veil of the closest secrecy, and information with regard to the details of the work is kept inviolate.

As an organization, however, which is closely allied with lawlessness of every kind, the Pinkerton Detective Agency has been the subject of a good deal of harsh criticism. It is cordially hated by most of the labor organizations. Whether this opposition is justifiable is wholly a matter of opinion. In the excitement of a great strike, such as the one recently in force on the New York Central road, a man is often killed by the Pinkerton officers.

But these fatalities are more than offset by the deaths in the ranks of the detectives themselves, as was shown in the fight with the James boys. While engaged in the pursuit of these desperado men in Missouri the Pinkertons lost five men in one year.

Of course there are not always on hand in the various offices a sufficient number of men to supply an extraordinary demand such as has occurred during the past two weeks. To meet such demands lists of selected men are kept, and when necessity demands these men are sent for.

As a rule these deputies are not in uniform, because of the enormous expense involved. Neither have they any legal right to carry arms, although they often do so. The Pinkerton men, as a rule, have no more authority to make an arrest than a private citizen. When employed in large numbers, as they have been on the New York Central road, the agency is paid at the rate of \$3 per day for each man, of which the detective receives \$1.

They are required to make a written report every evening of every thing done during the day, and the conversation overboard down to the smallest detail, together with every item of expense incurred in the prosecution of the work. They are kept continually advised from the home office as to what their movements shall be.

The position of a Pinkerton detective is not an enviable one. They are cordially hated by the regular police and consequently never reveal their identity unless forced to do so.

JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Five years ago little Johnny Hale, then a lad only eight years old, was stolen from his home, near Marion, Ind., by a band of gypsies. The distracted parents spent several years trying to find traces of their missing boy, but gave up the search, mourning him as dead. The lad became attached to his gypsy friends and followed them on their pilgrimage through the Western States. The other day a boy—none other than Johnny Hale—stopped at the residence of a farmer named Joseph Welkel, living near Elkhart. His clothes were ragged and he had the appearance of a boy tramp. He told Mr. Welkel that the gypsies with whom he had been making his home had maltreated him and that he had run away, hoping to find his way home to his father and mother. The parents, at Marion were telegraphed, and the boy mourned for dead for five long years is to be restored to them.

ODDITIES OF LANGUAGE.

In a recent lecture a professor of languages, in commenting on the difficulties foreigners had to overcome before they could master our language, made mention of the following philological oddities. The letter o changes lover into clover, d makes a crow a crowd, k makes eyed keyed, g changes son into song, l transforms a pear into a pearl, s changes a hoe into a shoe, t makes a bough bought, and w makes a man woman.

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While holding this position he conceived the idea of creating a detective organization free from political influences. Associated with a lawyer named Edward L. Ruess, in 1853 Pinkerton started the agency which now has offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Denver.

The greatest achievement of Allan Pinkerton was the discovery of a plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln while on his way to Washington to be inaugurated and the frustration of it. Pinkerton organized the secret-service division during the war of the rebellion. His other detective feats consisted of the arrest of innumerable law-breakers and the restoration of millions of dollars to the owners.

He died at Chicago on July 1, 1884. He left a widow and three children, of eight born to him. Of these the oldest son, William A., is now in charge of the Western division of the detective agency, and his other son, Robert A., is general superintendent and has immediate charge of the Eastern offices.

Since the death of the elder Pinkerton the organization has increased in strength and efficiency until at the present time it is recognized as the great private resource by large corporations for the protection of lives and property in times of stress and storm.

About 500 detectives, both men and women, are continuously employed at stated salaries varying from \$3 per day to \$3,000 per year. There are nearly 100 detectives employed by the New York office alone.

The chief business of the agency is with banks and express companies. The methods of the concern are hidden under a veil of the closest secrecy, and information with regard to the details of the work is kept inviolate.

As an organization, however, which is closely allied with lawlessness of every kind, the Pinkerton Detective Agency has been the subject of a good deal of harsh criticism. It is cordially hated by most of the labor organizations. Whether this opposition is justifiable is wholly a matter of opinion. In the excitement of a great strike, such as the one recently in force on the New York Central road, a man is often killed by the Pinkerton officers.

But these fatalities are more than offset by the deaths in the ranks of the detectives themselves, as was shown in the fight with the James boys. While engaged in the pursuit of these desperado men in Missouri the Pinkertons lost five men in one year.

Of course there are not always on hand in the various offices a sufficient number of men to supply an extraordinary demand such as has occurred during the past two weeks. To meet such demands lists of selected men are kept, and when necessity demands these men are sent for.

As a rule these deputies are not in uniform, because of the enormous expense involved. Neither have they any legal right to carry arms, although they often do so. The Pinkerton men, as a rule, have no more authority to make an arrest than a private citizen. When employed in large numbers, as they have been on the New York Central road, the agency is paid at the rate of \$3 per day for each man, of which the detective receives \$1.

They are required to make a written report every evening of every thing done during the day, and the conversation overboard down to the smallest detail, together with every item of expense incurred in the prosecution of the work. They are kept continually advised from the home office as to what their movements shall be.

The position of a Pinkerton detective is not an enviable one. They are cordially hated by the regular police and consequently never reveal their identity unless forced to do so.

JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Five years ago little Johnny Hale, then a lad only eight years old, was stolen from his home, near Marion, Ind., by a band of gypsies. The distracted parents spent several years trying to find traces of their missing boy, but gave up the search, mourning him as dead. The lad became attached to his gypsy friends and followed them on their pilgrimage through the Western States. The other day a boy—none other than Johnny Hale—stopped at the residence of a farmer named Joseph Welkel, living near Elkhart. His clothes were ragged and he had the appearance of a boy tramp. He told Mr. Welkel that the gypsies with whom he had been making his home had maltreated him and that he had run away, hoping to find his way home to his father and mother. The parents, at Marion were telegraphed, and the boy mourned for dead for five long years is to be restored to them.

ODDITIES OF LANGUAGE.

In a recent lecture a professor of languages, in commenting on the difficulties foreigners had to overcome before they could master our language, made mention of the following philological oddities. The letter o changes lover into clover, d makes a crow a crowd, k makes eyed keyed, g changes son into song, l transforms a pear into a pearl, s changes a hoe into a shoe, t makes a bough bought, and w makes a man woman.

THE PINKERTON FORCE.

A Mercenary Army Not Always Composed of the Best Men.

How It Is Organized and Its System of Discipline—Its Members Cordially Hated by the Regular Police and All Labor Organizations.

The Pinkerton force, says the New York Journal, owes its existence to the energy and shrewdness of Allan Pinkerton. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1819, and in 1843 he arrived at Quebec after a stormy voyage. He found his way to Chicago and opened a cooper shop. When in search of materials for

FIRING AN ENGINE.

Come of the Hardships of a Locomotive Fireman's Life.

His Lot is Not as Easy as Many Believe—The Amount of Fuel Required to Keep an Iron Horse Going—Cost Must Be Supplied Very Carefully.

"If people only knew the hardships of a fireman's life," said one of the local leaders of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to a Chicago Evening Post reporter, "they would not be so apt to wonder that the men want to strike once in awhile to better their circumstances. Their lot at the best is a hard one, and the pay is poor when the skill required to be a fireman, the severity of the work and the constant strain to which the men are subjected are taken into account. Many people, probably a majority, consider that the fireman's work is not skilled labor, but this opinion arises from ignorance of the requirements of the calling. An unskilled fireman could no more fire a locomotive on the road so as to keep up steam steadily and enable the engineer to make good time than he could build the locomotive. Take a green hand and put him on a passenger train, for instance, and the chances are that the passengers will turn out and mob the whole train's crew before the trip is half through. The likelihood is that the train will come to a dead stop half a dozen times before the trip is ended, and while the train is running it will be making such miserable progress that all on board will have their patience exhausted and be driven almost to distraction over the way in which their valuable time is being frittered away. Firemen have to serve a regular apprenticeship to the work. They generally begin as cleaners in the round-house, where they are put to clean the locomotives after they come in from a long trip. In that way they get an acquaintance with the several parts of the engine and how and where they should be oiled when running. Their next step is on a switch engine in the yards, where they learn how to fire an engine so as to raise steam rapidly and keep up a constant supply. This requires a good deal of practice. It is the easiest thing in the world to fire your engine in such a way that though you have a big fire in it it will not be of the kind to make steam. Too much coal thrown as bad as too little. If the fire is too heavy and burns too slowly, the inevitable consequence will be the lowering of the supply of steam to such an extent that there will not be enough to keep the train running. If any kind of a fire would do, the fireman's lot would be an easy one. He could then fire up, sit down comfortably in the cab and take it easy until the fire burns out. As it is, he has to keep firing steadily, adding fresh fuel to the flames at intervals of not more than two minutes, so that while he is on a run he hardly knows what it is to have a chance to straighten his back. He is constantly clambering half-bent from the box to the gangway and from the gangway to the box, manipulating a heavy scoopful of coal, and all this time he has got to keep a lookout ahead, for it is his duty to watch out for danger as much as it is that of the engineer. In a fifteen hours' trip he will often shovel as many as ten tons of coal. Some heavy passenger locomotives eat up about three-quarters of a ton every hour they run.

"An ordinary fire is four or five scoopsful, and it must be put in the fire box just so or there will be trouble. The fire box of a locomotive is a peculiar piece of workmanship and it requires to be thoroughly understood before it can be fed in such a way as to keep things running smoothly. It is from six to ten feet in length, according to the size of the locomotive, and four or five feet wide. The grate is composed of movable bars so placed as to provide for ventilation at the sides and ends. If you have ever watched a fireman putting in coal you may have noticed that he hardly ever pitches it in straight. He turns his shovel now to this side and then to that, now to this end and then to that, and it is only once in awhile that a shovelful goes straight to the center. The reason for that is that he does not want to put the coal where it will interfere with the ventilation of the grate or in such a way as will cause it to cake. A steady burning and at the same time roaring fire is what is required, and every thing depends on the way in which the fuel is fed to it. The amount of steam required to run an ordinary passenger engine is 135 pounds, and the aim of the expert fireman is to keep it at that figure constantly from the time he starts out on his trip till he is on the last mile of his run, when he will gradually let it fall so that, when he reaches the final stopping place, there will be just about enough left to run the engine to the round-house, that none of it may go to waste. That is another matter the fireman has to look to, or he will get hauled over the coals by his superiors. He must be economical of fuel as possible. The experienced fireman will use up far more fuel than his more expert brother and have no better results for it. He must keep his fire so that all the heat will go to the tubes, and that no cold air entering the fire-box can get to them until it has been thoroughly heated and rendered incapable of cooling them off. His fire is not the only thing that the fireman has got to attend to, however. In the short intervals between his firing up he must assist the engineer in keeping the engine thoroughly oiled. When there is no automatic bell he must keep the bell ringing while approaching all crossings and all stations."

A Vegetable Wonder.

A remarkable vegetable or horticultural curiosity is to be exhibited at the next State fair in California. Several weeks ago a grape-vine growing in close proximity to a plum tree was found to have a bloom similar to those on the tree. Finally a handsome apple has developed, which will be exhibited as above mentioned as proof of an abnormal growth which seems to be natural grafting.

A DREADFUL CHILD.

Asleep It's All Right, but Awake It Becomes a Kitten.

A Strange Tale Reported from Columbia County, N. Y.—It May Be True, but It Reads Very Much Like a Base Fabrication.

An eldritch tale, worthy of the darkest and palmiest days of the middle ages, comes from the little hamlet of Pompeon, up in Columbia County, where a child is said to have been born of late which defies competition, although, fortunately, it does not baffle description, says the New York Times. While asleep or at rest it appears to differ in no respect from the ordinary fortnight-old baby of commerce. As it slumbers peacefully in its cradle, with its breast rising and falling as gently and regularly as possible, any feeling woman would bless its little heart and look upon it with delight and that fluttering sentiment, not unkind to awe, with which the entire female world regard any newly-arrived traveler from the other world—providing, of course, the traveler be not a ghost, and, therefore, does not come from the wrong side of life. A baby is one thing and a ghost is another, although doubtless both are equally mysterious, and it is quite certain that both invariably dress all in white. The tones of their voices and their general manner of expressing themselves, the ability of the one to walk while the other seems able only to kick and wriggle, easily mark the essential distinction between them. There are doubtless other peculiarities which will enable almost any woman to tell at a glance whether a particular object is a ghost or a baby, although these peculiarities might not readily find accurate definition even at the hands of a woman of most unusual discernment and profound sagacity.

As has already been remarked, the Columbia County child, when asleep or at rest, seems, even to the female eye and heart, to be nothing but a baby. Its complexion, perhaps is not all that could be desired; there is a slight suspicion of incongruity—a certain disparity of proportions—between the molding of its nose and that of its upper lip, and there is a paucity of hair, or rather of fuzz, on its head, and these things can hardly fail to produce a painful impression upon the mind of any unprejudiced observer, just as they do in all cases in which very young infants are involved. At all events, every woman who sees it sleeping and who is not acquainted with the little peculiarities it exhibits in its waking moments declares that it is simply a lovely, little, precious darling—which it isn't by any means.

For when, rousing from its slumbers, it opens its bright eyes upon the world, it neither lies still nor begins to wail like an ordinary baby of its age. Rather does it assume at once the character of a little kitten, climbs over the side of the cradle in a jiffy, and, if left in undisturbed possession of itself, sets about to have a lively frolic, in which one of its legs does for its duties similar to those which a kitten's tail sometimes does for the kitten. While engaged in this sort of exercise it will tumble heels over head and roll about on the floor like any ball, and doing itself no more harm than if it were a gutta-percha child. If a spoon or some small object of the kind be thrown to it, this uncanny babe will toss it about, boxing it now with one tiny hand and now with the other, picking it up with its toes and throwing it over its head, and scampering about, as fully acquainted with the relations of the minor things of this world as a cat of its age would be. Its arms are very strong, and its hands have so good a grip that it can pull itself up a rope and clamber to the top of a bedpost, where it will sit for some time calmly surveying the spectators with an air of sagacity, appalling to behold in one so young. It is, of course, impossible to give any satisfactory explanation of the singular conduct of this interesting babe, although, undoubtedly, more perversity and nature's love for freaks has something to do with the matter.

THEIR LITTLE JOKE.

Three Members of Congress Mystify a New Capitol Guide.

There are not many Irishmen in this Congress. Three of the best known sons of Erin are Lawler, McAdoo and Quinn. This trio walked up to the Capitol together the other morning, writes a Washington correspondent, and at the door of the rotunda were met by a new guide who wanted to show them the sights of the building. The three Congressmen consented, and were taken into stately hall to hear the echoes. "Now you stand right here," said the guide, placing the trio on the well-known stones, "and listen. I will move back fifty-five feet and whisper to you, and you will hear my voice as if I were by your side." All this was done, and the guide whispered, then spoke, and finally shouted, but not a word did either of the trio hear. Thinking that probably he had made a mistake and put his victims on the wrong stones, he moved them against the wall and said to them: "This is the whispering gallery. You stand here and I will go across the room and whisper against the wall. You will hear me as if I were at your ear." Again the guide whispered but met with no response. Then he gradually raised his voice to a shout, but the trio of Congressmen kept their ears against the wall and made no sign. Rejoicing his customers, the guide explained that for some reason, probably on account of the humidity in the atmosphere, the echoes were not working well to-day, and invited his guests to take a look at the House of Representatives. Arriving at the main entrance the Congressmen started to walk in, when the guide seized their arms and told them they couldn't go in there—that was only for members. "O, yes, but we can," said Mr. Lawler, and slipping the astonished guide one dollar the joking trio disappeared within.

THE BUSY MOSQUITO.

A Whole Book Has at Last Been Dedicated to the Pest.

Besides Being an Aggravation to the Most-Natured Person the Insect Carries Disease Germs from One of Its Victims to the Other.

Memrs. Appleton are printing a book on the mosquito, says the Boston Globe. A great many people, already aware from personal experience that mosquitoes are undesirable associates, will be surprised to find out what a really serious enemy of the human race the insect is and always has been—the insect is found as a fossil among the geological remains of former ages, apparently never, at any period, having been extinct, and always having been industrious.

There seems to be no doubt that the mosquito is capable of communicating a poison. The fact that it is allowed to remain long enough to draw out a sufficient quantity of blood but little irritation remains seems to prove this, but it is also said that it is capable of inoculating mankind with malarial disease.

Dr. Finlay, of Havana, asserts that it is his belief that the mosquito is an agent in spreading yellow fever. He says that the insect, after penetrating the skin of the yellow fever patient, retains some of the germs of the disease, and that he communicates these to the next person he visits. So sure is he that the mosquito is the active if not the only agent for the dissemination of yellow fever, that he holds that the disease can not exist where the mosquito does not flourish.

The book will serve one good purpose at least. It will do justice to that much-maligned insect variously known in different parts of the country as the dragon-fly, mosquito-hawk, devil darning-needle and snake-feeder. It will place him in a better light, for, instead of deserting the obloquy which has universally been cast upon him he appears to be entitled to much consideration, as the insect relied upon to destroy the mosquito.

Captain C. N. B. Macaulay of the United States army has given his experience. In the summer of 1883 he was on duty at Fort Abraham Lincoln in Dakota. To show the thickness of the mosquitoes at that time in the neighborhood of Fort Abraham Lincoln he says: "On the target range, during the end of June and about three weeks in July, I could not stay unless I had on heavy boots—such as are used out there for riding—thick trousers, leather gaiters and a thick 'cache' neck tucked under my helmet and collar of my tunic."

The air was filled with clouds of these tormentors, yet at the appearance of two or three dragon flies the mosquitoes would suddenly disappear. He was curious to see how they caught their food. He noticed that they flew in an irregular kind of skirlish line, moved slowly, and every now and then made "dabs" at apparently nothing. Each one of these "dabs" meant a mosquito.

Another authority who seems to hold that it would be questionable policy to attempt to destroy the mosquito, is being in his opinion a scavenger, says that other enemies may be relied upon to do that work. He suggests that to banish the mosquito the best plan is to drain meadows, bogs and swamps, to fill up stagnant pools and level rain-holding hollows contiguous to dwellings.

Certain artificial remedies are also relied upon. The use of coal oil in swamps, by odorizing the air and floating upon the surface of the water itself, is a very practical and energetic remedy. It destroys the mosquito in its early stages. The use of lanterns, so arranged as to attract and destroy the mosquitoes, is another remedy. The mosquitoes are attracted to them, and are destroyed in the cans of coal oil or kerosene or other similar mixtures which may be used. They should be placed around houses, hotels and in marshes. The expense and trouble of management are small, as they are only used during a few months of the year. Indeed, almost every method imaginable of catching and destroying the insect has been suggested except the very simple one of putting salt on its tail and clubbing it to death.

These scientific authorities are not above offering suggestions for the relief of persons whose situation makes them liable to suffer from the bites of these insect tormentors, and who can not wait for the propagation of the dragon fly. They recommend lemon juice, vinegar, oil of peppermint and oil of pennyroyal. A very strong infusion of roots of tritricorn repels is successfully used at Simsbury as a preventive against mosquitoes, and a weak solution of quassia wood boiled in water, has also been recommended.

Limits of Natural Vision.

The limits of vision vary with elevation, conditions of the atmosphere, intensity of illumination and other modifying elements in different cases. On a clear day an object one foot above a level plain may be seen at a distance of 1.81 miles; one ten feet high, 4.15 miles; one 20 feet high, 5.86 miles; one 100 feet high, 12.1 miles; one a mile high, as the top of a mountain, 95.35 miles. This allows 7 inches, or to be exact, 6.99 inches, for the curvature of the earth, and assumes that the eye and illumination of the object are sufficient to produce an image. Five miles may be taken as the extreme limit at which a man is visible on the flat plain to an observer on the same level.—St. Louis Republic.

Singular Pension Claim.

A very singular pension application comes from Bradley County, Tenn. The petitioner avers that when he was a boy of thirteen an engagement between Union and Confederate cavalry occurred in his village, which so frightened him that he has not been right since. He claims that he lost a straw hat, has no inclination for work, and dislikes to get up in the morning, for which he holds his scare responsible.

THE MAGICAL SQUARE.

An Arithmetical Puzzle Held in Veneration by the Egyptians.

It will be seen that in the natural square the numbers from 1 to 49 run in arithmetical progression. In the magical square the numbers are disposed in parallel and equal ranks, so that the sums in each row, taken either perpendicularly, horizontally or diagonally, are equal to one another—1, 0, 178. These magical squares can, however, be much extended, writes Thomas Estlin in the Leeds Mercury, and show still more curious results:

NATURAL SQUARE.

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 |
| 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 |

MAGICAL SQUARE.

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 26 | 47 | 16 | 41 | 30 | 25 | 4 |
| 5 | 23 | 43 | 17 | 42 | 11 | 29 |
| 30 | 6 | 34 | 40 | 19 | 20 | 12 |
| 13 | 31 | 7 | 35 | 43 | 13 | 37 |
| 38 | 14 | 24 | 1 | 36 | 44 | 33 |
| 31 | 39 | 8 | 23 | 2 | 27 | 45 |
| 46 | 15 | 49 | 9 | 34 | 3 | 28 |

The magic square was held in great veneration among the Egyptians and dedicated to the then seven known planets in various ways. To Saturn they attributed the square of nine places, the side being three and the sum of the numbers in every row being fifteen. To Venus they attributed the square I have given. Finally, they attributed to God the square of only one cell, the side of which is only a unit, which, multiplied by itself, undergoes no change. The ancients having used these magic squares for various purposes, they became a subject of consideration among mathematicians; not because they imagined that they would be of any solid use or advantage, but rather as a kind of play in which the difficulty makes the merit. If your young readers want a little recreation in the combination of figures, let them make a large square in which there are 96 smaller squares, and place in those smaller squares all the numbers from 1 to 96 in such a manner as will answer the following conditions: 1. The sum of the sixteen numbers in each column or row, vertical or horizontal, to be 9,056. 2. Every half column, vertical or horizontal, makes 1,038, or one-half the sum of 2,076. 3. Half a diagonal ascending makes also the same sum—2,076, taking these half diagonals from the ends of any sides of the squares to the middle of it, and so reckoning them either upward or downward, or sideways from right to left, or from left to right. 4. The same with all the parallels to the half diagonals, as many as can be drawn in the great square; for any two of them being directed upward and downward, from the place where they begin to that where they end, their sums will make the same, 2,076. 5. If a square hole equal in breadth to four of the little squares be cut in a paper, through which any of the 16 little squares in the great square may be seen, and the paper be laid upon the great square, the sum of all the 16 numbers seen through the hole is always equal to 2,076, the sum of the 16 numbers in any horizontal or vertical column.

I am not prepared to say whether there is more than one correct way of placing the numbers which will fulfill the above conditions, but can assert that if a thousand people now commenced to arrange the figures they may work all their lives, and each of them form a square a minute, and although every combination may be different, they will not have completed one-millionth part of the wrong combinations which can be made. Perhaps this is a sufficient refutation of the frequent assertion that there is no rule for the formation of these magical squares.

GAVE HIM A BUTTON.

How a Rural Hebe Disconcerted a Yankee Insurance Man.

The girl who waited at our table in the little hotel had big brown eyes, a soft voice, and enough rural modesty to fit out fifty city housemaids, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. It was a sufficing pleasure to ask for something you didn't want just to see her blush and hear her say: "I'm afraid we haven't any, sir."

But a smart insurance man, one of those keen Connecticut Yankees who go West to take advantage of the country before it grows up, was inclined to tease our rustic Hebe. He gave minute directions to her about the frying of his steak—the civilization of the place had not reached the broiling point—and sent back some boiled eggs because they were not done enough.

"Will you have some potatoes, sir?" the waitress asked, as she was taking away the eggs.

"Yes, Mary. I want some potatoes"—nobody else had called her Mary, and it was not her name—"you'd better look some for me, and I'll have them later on. You must be careful about that—put a pinch of salt in the water, and"—he paused, and Mary, who had been gazing at him steadily with a brightening color, said: "Potatoes with their jackets on, sir?"

"Yes, Mary."

"With or without, sir?"

"Without what?" queried the Yankee, a little confused.

"Butternut," said the girl, and amid the laughter of all but her disconcerted tormentor she made her escape.

Power of the Mosquito.

A scientist computes that with the aid of a machine constructed on the principle of the boring, drilling and pumping apparatus of the mosquito, a hole could be bored to the center of the earth in less than a day.

TOM CRUISE'S CAREER.

A Story That Illustrates the Ups and Downs of Western Life.

The history of the thrice-millionaire banker of Helena, Mont., Thomas Cruise, as told by the Chicago Tribune, illustrates the ups and downs of Western life and sets in strong contrast the two extremes of absolute, groveling poverty and extraordinary affluence.

"Six years ago, Tom Cruise," says Thomas M. Long, "was only a common, ordinary laborer, a prospector and a miner. He had spent almost his last nickel, was out of luck, and, being out of money, it naturally follows he had very few friends. Indeed, he was so poor that I well remember the day when he was actually refused credit for a fifty-pound sack of flour. He did odd jobs about town—any thing so long as he turned an honest dollar. One day he took a tramp into the mountains. When he came back to town he astonished everybody by reporting the discovery of what has since turned out to be one of the richest silver mines in Montana. He pre-empted the place and made every thing solid in his own name. This mine was the famous Drum Lummond in the mountains near Maysville, twenty-one miles from Helena. A syndicate of capitalists, hearing of his great find, went out to investigate it. The result far surpassed even their expectations, and on their way back to town they sought old man Cruise. Would he sell the mine? Yes. How much? Five hundred thousand dollars spot cash. That was too much, they thought. 'Well, gentlemen, if you think it is too much, don't take it,' said Cruise. 'This offer is good until noon, but no longer. I'll have another price on it after that.' They thought he was bluffing. The next day, after further investigation, they came back to Cruise. They told the old man they were ready to pay the \$500,000, and for him to draw up the papers. 'My price to-day is \$1,000,000, boys,' said Cruise. Of course there was no deal possible under the circumstances. Cruise could then get all the capital he wanted to work his mine. Before three months had passed he had pulled out \$300,000 worth of ore and there was still unlimited quantities 'millions' in fact—in sight. The syndicate came back to him and actually paid over \$1,000,000 for a two-third interest in the Drum Lummond."

"Since that time Cruise has bought other mines, the Iron Mountain, for instance, in the Coeur d'Alene region, and others. He is worth to-day \$3,000,000. He was married a couple of years ago, but his wife died, leaving him a child, 'Sold Man' Cruise, as he is called, is a good old fellow, who delights now in talking about his hard times. When he came to Montana six years ago he walked all the way from Salt Lake City. That's the way fortune smiles sometimes."

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

A Four-Year-Old Girl Who Plays the Organ Correctly.

This quiet town has been suddenly startled by the development of a baby musician named Lydia Welch, a child of only four years, writes a Milton (Del.) correspondent. Her father is John B. Welch, the leading druggist of the town and superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school and leader of the choir in the same church. Some few months ago this child showed a wonderful talent for singing. People passing the house humming popular airs were observed by her, and the next day the people were surprised to hear their airs reproduced in an infantile voice. The child had but to hear a tune once before she could reproduce it without a single false note.

Only a short time ago she had a severe attack of diphtheria, and, to the great regret of parents and friends, she lost all her former inclinations to sing. But what was the surprise of her friends when they discovered that all her vocal powers had suddenly been directed into another channel, and from that time instrumental music began to interest her in a wonderful degree.

The only musical instrument that Mr. Welch had about the house was an organ, and upon this one day did the little one begin to play some tune she had heard her father sing. Soon the people learned of the child's wonderful power, and every evening a crowd assembled upon the sidewalks adjoining the house to hear her perform.

It is most interesting to watch this little midwife with her tiny hands upon the keys and feet scarcely reaching the pedals, play all the popular airs and reproducing any tune, even the most difficult, after once hearing it performed. Any music once hummed or whistled in her presence is reproduced upon the organ. The whole town is proud of this musical prodigy and the parents are delighted, while at the same time they are somewhat startled at the almost superhuman talent displayed by this precocious child, who does not yet know her alphabet.

Curiosities of Dreams.

When it comes to stories of queer dreams, the person most reticent about this form of self-revelation is likely to think if not to speak of some extraordinary experience in the Land of Nod. When Dr. Holmes "saw huge fishes boiled to rags" through the bubbling brine" in his famous nightmare of a holiday, he set reminiscences going in many a brain crossed by thoughts of rashes upon the topic somehow the other day, and one confessed to a terror of repeated in his dreams of the roof falling down upon him. "My favorite nightmare," returned the other, "is of a huge dog rushing at me to devour me. But I always bravely take hold of his jaws, tear them apart, and so save myself from destruction." The first speaker smiled sheepishly. "I've dreamed that myself hundreds of times," said he, "and I never spoke of it. I didn't suppose any body else ever dreamed such a foolish thing."

A Diplomatic Dodge.

Willie—I can't come out, Dolph. Ma says I must stay in all the afternoon. Dolph—Why don't you sit in the chair that squeaks and wiggles? She'll send you out quick enough, then.

A RESUSCITATED CAT.

The Strange Story of the "Always-Open" Drug Store Near the City Hall, Brooklyn, and Which is Always Admired by Customers.

"Doc" is a fine, sleek, black-coated cat which lives in the "always-open" drug store near the city hall, Brooklyn, and which is always admired by customers, says the New York Times. Where it came from is a mystery to the clerks in the store. In fact, the cat is regarded with some awe because of the peculiar manner of its appearance.

Several years ago there was a cat in the drug store, also called the Doctor, with fine markings of a Maltese pattern. A good-dispositioned animal, he had many friends, and waxed fat as time went by. One night, however, there happened to be a show at the old Brooklyn Theater, in which a troupe of large dogs starred.

The theater was just across the way from the drug store, and one of the dogs happened to drop in to the apothecary shop. The Siberian bloodhound spied "Doc" and made for him. The cat was caught unawares behind some boxes. Game to the end, however, he wheeled the bloodhound across the ear with his paw. The big brute then seized the "Doctor," gave him one shake, and "Doc's" last hour had come. To make his death painless a big dose of prussic acid was given and the remains consigned to an ash barrel.

Two weeks afterward in walked the present feline representative of the store—with exactly the same markings, the same size and of the same sex as his predecessor. The cat startled the clerk. "Why, 'Doc,' where did you come from?" he said, whereupon the big cat jumped to his shoulder and purred in the same bass voice of the old "Doctor."

This cat has remained in the store ever since, and the clerks are still in doubt as to whether it is the old cat or a new one. There are no signs of the surgical operation. It is true, but the animal is otherwise the exact image of the original "Doctor." The same habits are observed and there are other signs that would point to his being a resuscitated cat.

Now the "Doctor" is fat and lazy. He allows no other cats on the corner. Precisely at 3:30 a. m. he ascends the elevated railroad steps and jumps from the station over onto the roof of the store, where he remains till day-break. What he does there no one knows. No mice or rats ever enter the store, and the "Doctor" does not get much live food. He is very fond of soda water, and sometimes attempts to turn on the faucets in the fountain with his paw. He sleeps in a corner under the prescription counter and uses a fine soft sponge for a pillow. He has been known in a fit of curiosity to taste liquid drugs, but they seem to have no effect on him.

THE POOR MODISTE.

A Suggestive Peep Behind the Scenes at a Fashionable Dress-Maker's.

Wo then went with Lilla, says the London Truth, to have her new traveling dress tried on, a very nice composition in gray crepon and silver braid, with a sweet little coat to match, lined with Tartan silk. The fit proving satisfactory, Lilla said she would take the gown home with her in her carriage, and asked for the bill.

"Bad form, I know," she said to me when the proprietress of the establishment left the room to have the account made out, "but I always pay at once for a gown that really fits. It acts like a charm, Madge. For those that don't fit or that I've had a lot of trouble in trying on I never pay under six months; in bad cases a year."

When the beautifully dressed modiste came back she said:

"Do you wish to pay now, madame?"

"Yes," said Lilla, "because the gown fits so well. And remember, Mme. Dash, that I always pay at once in such cases."

"Oh!" said madame, "I wish every body was like you. I can't get any of my accounts paid. Ladies do not realize what our position is with regard to ready money. We have to pay our work girls every week and monthly salaries to our fitters. I give my premiere £300 a year and pay for her board and lodging, and her wine. The firms from which we get our expensive materials and costly embroideries only give us a month's credit. The landlord expects his rent to be punctually paid. This means a constant flow outward of money and there is hardly any coming in."

Tears stood in the poor woman's eyes, and she looked pale, haggard and worn out.

"But why don't you dun those women?" asked Lilla, in her sharp, abrupt way.

"If I did, madame, they would never come to me again. They do not like being asked to pay."

She looked so miserable as she said this that I felt quite sorry for her, and asked if she was going out of town to have a nice rest after the fatiguing season.

"I can not, madame," she said, "unless some of my ladies pay me. I have never had so busy a season, and have never before made up such a number of expensive dresses. This is why I am so very hard up."

"And when will you get paid?" asked Lilla.

"Some will pay in six months, others in a year, but many of my customers never think of paying an account until it has been owing two years at least."

An Old Song Revived.

"A boy attending one of our public schools came home the other day humming a school song," said Commissioner Allen to a Union (N. Y.) Observer reporter. "The tune attracted the father's attention, and he asked him to sing the song. The boy did so. It was a rollicking sailor song, and in the chorus, keeping time with the tap of the parent's foot, the boy sang: 'We'll fill our bowls and eat the toast.' At this point the father stopped him and asked where he had learned the song. The boy replied that he had learned it at school. 'I once knew that song,' said the father, 'but I never knew it ran: 'We'll fill our bowls and eat the toast.' It isn't painted that way, said the boy, but the teacher said he never heard of anybody's drinking toast, so she made us scratch out drink and sing it eat.'"